MENIOLÁGOMÉKA.

REPRINTED FROM THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE

MORAVIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BETHLEHEM, PA.
H. T. CLAUDER,
1880.

MENIOLÁGOMÉKA.

ANNALS

OF A

MORAVIAN INDIAN VILLAGE

AN HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY J. MAX HARK.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/meniolagomeka00hark

Meniolágoméka.[1]

Himself a part of Nature, the Indian has always lived in intimate, even though unconscious, sympathy with her higher forms and manifestations of beauty, harmony and sublimity. As the feathery fern loves to grow by the mossy rock, in the shady dell, or by the bubbling spring; as the dark-green hemlock, with drooping boughs, and spear-like peaked head, seeks the frowning precipice, or crowns the rocky cliff; so the tawny Indian ever chose to live where his presence would complete the picturesqueness of the landscape, the perfect symmetry of Nature's beauteous whole. Thus we find him, in the beginning and middle of the last century, peopling the mountain-shadowed valleys, the sloping hillsides, and the flowery meadow banks of all that great hunting ground north of the Kittochtinny range, or Blue Mountains, of this State. This range formed the great boundary line between him and the white man's lands. By government treaty, as well as by natural law, this was his country, all his own. And here our Brethren first visited him, not as intruders or usurpers, but as messengers of the Most High, bearing the glad news of salvation to all, both red and white.

On his first journey, of inspection rather than evangelization, in July of 1742, Count Zinzendorf with a little company of devoted

[1] Read at the Annual Meeting of the Moravian Historical Society, September 15th, 1880.

"This village [Meniolágoméka] lay in 'Smith's Valley,' eight miles west of the Wind Gap, on the north bank of the Aquanshicola, at the intersection of the old Wilkesbarre Road, which crossed the mountain at Smith's Gap—in Eldred Township, Monroe County. The graveyard was one-eighth of a mile south of Mr. Edw. Snyder's lime quarries"—(*Memorials of the Moravian Church.*)

men and women crossed into this country at Tat's Gap, about two miles west of where the Delaware breaks through the "Endless Hills." On their homeward journey they struck the beautiful though narrow valley of the Aquanshicola, west of the Wind Gap. After their hot, fatiguing ride over rough and rugged hills, the comparatively level trail, through cooling hemlock groves, and clean, refreshing ash and maple shades, may well have beguiled them to follow its course westward, as it gently wound along the northern base of the mountain wall. About eight miles west of the Wind Gap they suddenly came upon a little cluster of Delaware lodges, nestling against the sloping side of the first of those countless hills that rise behind and above one another northward for many miles. They halted, and no doubt partook of the tribe's hospitality, meeting for the first time the Indians of Meniolágoméka, nearly all of whom, later, were gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd, and some of whom became shining lights in the future history of the Brethren's Indian Missions.

The "Disciple" (Zinzendorf) and his company could make but a brief stay here however. Constrained by a divine impulse, he changed his plan, which had been to return directly to Bethlehem; and, with three companions, John Wm. Zander, Jacob Lischy, and an Indian guide, followed the course of the Aquanshicola westward, crossed the Lehigh Gap, and continued in a south-westerly direction until he came to Heidelberg, where he met the representatives of the great Iroquois Confederacy, and concluded with them that covenant of friendship and fraternity that opened the whole Indian country to the Brethren. The other members of his company, Anton Seyffert, Andrew Eschenbach, Henry Müller, Zinzendorf's eldest daughter, Benigna, and Zander's bride, Johanna, with her younger brother, Peter Müller, departed by the nearest route to Bethlehem; which they reached on the evening of the same day.

Brief as this first visit of the Brethren to this village was, it seems to have been long enough to let their love for the "brown hearts" shine forth and burn into their souls, a gracious reflection of the saving rays of the Light of the world. For, from this time date the visits of these Indians to Nazareth, and Bethlehem, and afterwards Gnadenhütten, which, frequently returned by the Brethren, resulted in the establishment here in 1749 of a congre-

gation of Christian Indians. Zinzendorf himself seems never to have visited again this "Fat-Land-in-the-midst-of-Barrens," as the Indian name represents it to have been. But we know that Anton Seyffert did so repeatedly before his return to Europe in 1745; once in October 1743; again in January of the next year; and once more in June of the same year. Indeed those rude little huts of skin and bark were often graced with the presence of saints and heroes whom we shall count it an honor, and blissful, once to meet in the glorious mansions of the New Jerusalem. The devoted David Nitschmann's feet have trodden those hills. Faithful Nathanael Seidel's voice often echoed through those dells, singing sweet songs of the Lamb. Those ancient trees once hushed their whispering converse to hear the words of wisdom and truth that fell from the lips of the scholarly Böhler and the ardent Cammerhof. John Hagen was there to show forth the Saviour's love; and Henry Antes bore testimony to the same. Through the deep snows and wintry blasts Christian Henry Rauch forced his way to claim the souls of that little band for his crucified Master. And the tender-spirited Brother Johannes de Watteville passed through the place, drawing hearts to himself wherever he went, as the magnet draws steel.

But although each spot where these saintly men trod was thus hallowed forever, the fruits of their labors were slow in ripening. It was not until 1748 that they appeared; but then in a remarkable manner. A celebrated warrior of the tribe, whose massive form and gigantic strength had made him a terror to his foes, but whose dissipated life at home, and bloodthirsty fierceness in many a drunken brawl, had gained him a disgraceful notoriety even more widespread than his warlike fame, came with tears of penitence to the missionary at Gnadenhütten, begging to be baptized. Long the Brethren hesitated, almost doubting the possibility of so great a change in his heart. But at length they yielded to his earnest pleading, and he became a member of the little congregation on the Mahony, receiving in baptism the name of Christian Renatus. His subsequent life proved his sincerity; though it never ceased to be a wonder to all who had known him. Both white men and former companions among the Indians came from afar purposely to convince themselves of the reality of this miracle of grace. Nor did he ever tire of telling them what the Saviour had done for him,

the chief of sinners. His conversion made a deep impression for good on his tribe, and encouraged the missionaries to renewed zeal in behalf of the rest of his people at Meniolágoméka.

The Lord waited until the next year, however, before He manifested Himself with a general awakening power. The chief of the village, a young man of noble family and nobler nature, known among the whites by the name of George Rex, had for some time shown a special interest in the Gospel. It was at his urgent invitation that the visits of the Brethren to the little village on the Aquanshicola had become more and more frequent; while he himself came again and again to Gnadenhütten and to Bethlehem to hear the words of life. Finally he gave himself wholly to the Lord, and with his wife was baptized at Bethlehem, in 1749. A short time after, his hundred-year-old grandfather followed his example, shortly before his death; and, in the course of the same year and the next, nearly his entire tribe was converted, and joined the company of true believers. But of them all, none proved themselves more steadfast and consistent than their honored young chieftain and his gentle wife, thenceforward known as Brother Augustus and Sister Esther. She died at Gnadenhütten in 1754. He, after the removal to the Mahony, and thence, after the massacre, to Bethlehem, was for three years the trusted Elder of the Indian congregation at the latter place. During this time, in April 1756, he was appointed by Bishop Spangenberg to represent the Christian Indians on the embassy sent by the Governor of Pennsylvania, with peaceful overtures to the hostile Delawares and Shawanese. Though afterwards tempted by Teedyuscung for a time to forsake the Brethren, he soon returned, an humble penitent, and, in the year 1762, fell peacefully asleep in their midst, in the full assurance of pardon and salvation. At Meniolágoméka he labored faithfully and with untiring zeal, as the missionaries' assistant, for the spiritual welfare and growth in grace of his tribe.

Soon after his conversion the village was constituted and ordered as a regular mission station, and ministered unto as a filial of Gnadenhütten, by visiting Brethren from the latter place. On festal days, and for the celebration of the Holy Communion, the congregation regularly repaired thither, where indeed a special lodge was built and set apart for their shelter and entertainment on the occasions.

In the meantime, however, the white settlers, who everywhere

were the most inveterate and unscrupulous enemies of our Indian missions, were not idle at Meniolágoméka. With gross temptations, and cunning lies about the missionaries, they did their utmost to turn the hearts of the converts, undermine their confidence in the Brethren, and win them back to their former sinful ways, so profitable to the traders' wicked greed. Several unconverted Indians yet in the village, too, were a source of constant trouble and anxiety. But the good judgment and Christian firmness of Augustus were equal to every trial, and kept his band of fellowers true to their vows. By the conversion of the notorious "Big Jacob," the Lord removed the chief enemy of the Brethren and the Gospel in the village itself. This Indian had been an ardent hater of the Christian religion and its ministers, and had systematically labored against them with all his influence and cunning. But a severe illness brought him to a sense of his wickedness. He became deeply penitent; and almost distracted came to Bishop Cammerhof for advice and assistance. He was lovingly treated, and affectionately pointed to the one thing needful. His very demeanor became changed, from that of a fierce and sinister savage to that of a broken and contrite sinner. And true to His promise the Lord did not despise him, but gave him an interest in His saving blood. He was baptized, as Brother Paul, by Cammerhof in 1750, and till his death remained true to the Master and active in His cause.

Repeated solicitations from Augustus and his subjects at length moved the Brethren to station a permanent minister at Meniolágoméka. Bernhard Adam Grubè, whose portrait, by the artistic hand of a living relative, graces these walls even now, was the man appointed to occupy this lonely outpost in the wilderness. In January of 1752, in the depth of winter, he arrived in the midst of the little company, whose warm and hearty welcome, so childlike and sincere, went straight to his heart, and for a time made him forget the bleak storm and icy cold that reigned without.

Although Grubè had had some slight experience of Indian mission work at Pachgatgoch, his new station must have seemed strange to him, as it was one of peculiar trials and severest hardships. Educated at Jena, and accustomed to the schoolmaster's desk in the midst of white brethren and friends at Bethlehem, we do not wonder that peculiar sensations filled him now, as he moved into the little hut prepared for him. We sympathize with him

when he näively tells us how his awkwardness in handling the axe, not long after his arrival, came near crippling him for life, and as it was, confined him for weeks to his rude and cold little lodge, stretched upon a rough board as his only couch, with nothing but a wooden bowl to serve for a pillow. But no ailment of the flesh could daunt his resolute spirit. While thus confined, he beguiled the long and lonesome wintry days by diligently studying the Delaware language; and daily had his little charge gather round his couch, to keep them service there.

It is true his Indians did all they could to lighten his hard lot. But they themselves, during this winter and spring, had to struggle desperately with poverty and want, and for a time could scarcely keep starvation from their doors. It was Augustus more especially who kept him supplied with the necessaries of life; as indeed he did many others of his tribe. For Augustus was a noted hunter, and on many an expedition brought home more venison alone than all his companions together. And his heart was ever open to the less fortunate or skilled, and never refused to share with them the spoils of the chase.

Early in spring the hardy missionary, now fully recovered from his accident, by his example urged the Indians on to clear their land, build fences, hoe and dig the ground, and plant it with beans, corn and other vegetables. But not even this was without its hardships and difficulties. There was a great scarcity of needed seeds. To supply this several of the Indian brethren had to hire themselves out to white settlers, often miles away, and thus earned a little money. The sisters went to Nazareth, Christiansbrunn, Bethlehem and Broadheadville, and sold the brooms, baskets and mats they had made during the winter. Spiteful neighbors, too, harrassed them and sorely tried their patience. One time in May, for example, they found that one of these had set fire to the woods around their fields, and burned up nearly all their fences. With true Christian forbearance they said nothing, but simply set to work and built new ones. Then, later in the season, a great part of their young crop of corn was destroyed by the multitudinous ground-squirrels.

Besides these outward troubles, Grubè had his full need of anxiety and concern in the management of the inner life of his congregation. However docile they were, and sincere in their faith and

love, they were but spiritual babes and very beginners in the Christian walk and life, while in the flesh they were full-grown men and women, of like passions with other men. Temptations from without and within were many and strong. Wild savages made frequent visits into their midst, and more than once broke up the peace of the village to such an extent that the regular religious services could not be held. Quarrels would arise amongst the converts, once even between a brother and his wife. Slothfulness was a besetting sin. Little jealousies and bitter feelings must be looked after and removed.

Yet with all this, the inner course of the congregation in the main was encouraging and hopeful to the devoted missionary, and his activity remained unabated. Daily he visited them in their huts, advising, admonishing and exhorting them with tender solicitude. Every evening a service was held for all, in which sweet hymns were sung in the German and the Delaware languages, with all that heartiness and fervor for which the Indians' singing was so remarkable. A simple, straightforward discourse was also delivered, usually on the words of the Daily Text. This was translated, sentence for sentence, by Brother Augustus, or in his absence by some other brother. The punctual attendance of the Indians at these daily services is gratefully commended by Grubè. On more than one occasion, during his temporary absence at Bethlehem or Gnadenhütten, Brother Augustus himself conducted the meetings, to the evident edification and blessing of all.

According to the general custom of the Brethren's Church at that period of their history, Saturday was strictly observed as the Sabbath day of rest, preparatory for the more joyous celebration of the succeeding Lord's Day. No work was then engaged in. Journeys were avoided. Hunting was forbidden. Peace and quiet reigned in all the huts from morn to night, sweetened, perhaps, by here a voice heard in some hut in humble, fervent prayer; or there a touching hymn wafted to the throne above from the blended hearts and voices of a family singing together round the blazing hearth-fire.

As a rule, all the converts at Meniolágoméka repaired once a month to Gnadenhütten, to prepare for and enjoy the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On such occasions they would leave home early on Friday morning. On their arrival, then, and all

through the Sabbath, Brother Martin Mack and his wife Anna would speak with each of the brethren and sisters separately, in solemn preparation for the morrow's great event. On Monday they

" . . . return each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart."

These seasons always gave a fresh impetus to the work at home, and were indeed green spots in the memory, especially of the lonely missionary.

Yet there were other occasions, too, to relieve the routine of suffering and hard work at Meniolágoméka; incidents that to us might seem but trivial, but to them were great events. The birthdays of dear brethren were to be celebrated, if privately yet no less joyously, and with festivity in the heart. So Zinzendorf's fifty-second birthday was observed, though in a somewhat novel manner, on the 26th of May. The "Missions-haus," where the meetings were held, and which also was the residence of the minister, had for some time been but a sorry shelter for him from the storms of cold and rain. In fact, the services had several times to be omitted, as still oftener the sleep of poor Brother Grubè, on account of the streaming rain that poured through the roof and deluged all within. On this day, accordingly, all the Indian brethren went together to peel bark on the mountain, and returning in a few hours, set lustily to work to re-roof the lodge. With pride Brother Grubè reports how quickly and skilfully it was done, so that he could again write and sleep in the dry. It even had a window put into it! Later the hut was still further distinguished by the luxury of a wooden floor. Who will doubt that Brother Zinzendorf appreciated such a form of celebrating the anniversary of his birth, by his "brown hearts" on the Aquanshicola, far more than many another less useful though more ostentatious form of remembrance!

On the following Sunday, being Whitsuntide, the newly-roofed hut was adorned with boughs and twigs of evergreen by the grateful missionary. At once all his Indians followed his example, and carried it further, even to the special adornment of their own persons, with all the finery in their possession; a piece of vanity that, doubtless, Brother Grubè deeply deplored having so rashly occasioned! The rest of the day he devoted particularly to the children and youth. And indeed, he seems always to have had a

peculiar love for children, and to have labored among them with extraordinary blessing. Not only did he here keep special services for them from time to time; but he also commenced a school for them, with himself as teacher, which he kept faithfully every day; first an hour for the boys, then for the girls alone. Their punctuality, and eagerness to learn to read and write, gave him much pleasure and satisfaction.

Occasional visits from his white brethren also served to cheer him and to encourage the Indian converts. How welcome such visits were, can be better imagined than described. He himself tells us of his joy when, on a bright and lovely day in June, seven single brethren from Christiansbrunn arrived. It had seemed to him as though he had not seen a white face for months. What though he had but one bed for them all, and scarce provisions enough for himself alone? He had as much as they expected: a warm embrace of welcome, and a heart yearning for their love, sympathy and companionship. Nor did they want food; for Augustus speedily provided a feast for them all of juicy venison and sapan. Every member of the village came and grasped them by the hand, invited them into the various huts, and made them feel that this was a village of true brethren. Brother Grubè took them out into his fields to show them the fruits of his labor, and have them thank God with him for the promise of a plentiful crop and abundant harvest. So glad were the hearts of the good brother and his guests that sleep would scarce have visited them even though they had had a softer couch than the bare floor, where all were crowded together around the crackling fire.

But Grubè's six months' stay here was now drawing to a close. The call to leave Meniolágoméka and repair to Bethlehem came to him on his thirty-eighth birthday, June 21st. Quite unexpectedly, at noon, who should arrive but David Zeisberger, then about to go to Onondaga to commence his great work there. With the call to Grubè, he brought also the needed provisions for a love-feast in honor of the latter's birthday; but himself would not stay long enough to enjoy it with him, as he must hasten directly to Guadenhütten. Grubè thereupon postponed the love-feast, intending to make it his farewell service on the morrow.

In the evening he announced his call to his congregation, who heard it with sad and sorrowful hearts. In the meantime Brother

Augustus had been let into the secret of the morrow's service, that he might assist in its preparation. Early the next morning, then, great slices of bread were spread with butter, and a large kettle of chocolate was set to boil over the fire, Brother Grubè himself being the sole cook. A brother and sister, Anthony and his wife Johanna, were yet in haste appointed to serve; and then, all things being ready, the horn, used to call the congregation together for service, sounded forth a long and lusty blast, that echoed and re-echoed along the mountain side and through the woody glens and dales. In as little time, almost, as it takes to tell, every soul in the village obeyed the summons. And then, decently and in order, began the first Brethren's lovefeast that had yet been held at Meniolágoméka. Each Indian received a slice of bread and butter, together with a cup of steaming chocolate. Silent and attentive they partook thereof, while their beloved minister, in tones quivering with emotion, bade them a loving, tender farewell; admonishing them to remain faithful unto the end; and finally, commending them in an ardent prayer to the gracious care of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, dismissed the congregation, and immediately set out across the mountain to Bethlehem. Nathanael, a faithful brother here and afterwards assistant at Gnadenhütten, was his traveling companion, though other brethren also went with him as far as the mountain top.

Hard as had been this faithful servant's lot at this place, who can doubt that sorrow and regret filled his heart now, at parting with his devoted little flock. Standing on the mountain side he looked down once more upon those huts. Perhaps it would be the last time his eyes should rest upon them. There flowed the gentle Aquanshicola in crystal ripples o'er its pebbly bed. How oft had he sat there on its mossy banks, amidst its graceful ferns and fragrant flowers, listening to the voice that spoke to him in every murmur of the waves, every whisper of the leaves o'erhead, and each bird-note wafted to him from the swaying bushes and boughs! There, scarce two hundred yards beyond, close by a fresh and gurgling spring, clustered the humble homes of those souls that had grown dear to him as was his own—not a dozen lodges, ranged equally above and below the little meeting-house where he so oft had bowed his knees in prayer, and shed such burning tears for the welfare of his flock. Standing in the center of the village,

with that of his tried Augustus on the one side and Nathanael on the other, he felt, now perhaps for the first time, that the name of home was in his heart associated strangely with these huts of bark. But he must banish such thoughts. His home is not on earth. He is but a pilgrim here, and must go, yea and go with cheerfulness and joy, where'er the Master calls.

Very soon after Grubè's removal, the Brethren sent Brother John Joseph Bull, better known by his Indian name, Sehebosh, to reside and labor at Meniolágoméka. This humble and lowly man, a true hero of the faith, though not a scholar like his predecessor, was yet a chosen instrument of God for good among the Indians; and here, as in all the different fields where he served, speedily won the esteem and affection of his red brethren. He brought his wife Christiana with him, who, though herself a Delaware Indian, or perhaps because of this fact, helped him in a peculiar manner in his work, and made his pastoral labors, in visiting the Indian sisters from hut to hut, particularly efficient and blessed.

Although the "house-warming" of this devoted couple was of a rather startling character, for on one of the first nights of their sojourn here they found possession to their bed disputed by no less formidable an occupant than an immense serpent, that had crept into the hut during the evening, they nevertheless soon came to feel quite at home in the place. They had frequent visitors, too, not only from Gnadenhütten, but especially from Bethlehem, whence, among the rest, Brother and Sister Jungmann came in September; the Brethren Nathanael Seidel and Everhart in October; and on another occasion Bishop Matthew Hehl and Brother Yarrel, who treated the baptized converts to a fraternal love-feast.

In spiritual matters the congregation continued growing in grace; the meetings and school were kept regularly; and Brother Sehebosh might have continued his ministrations here for many months to come, had it not been for a painful accident, on the last day of October, that disabled him for a time, and necessitated his removal to Bethlehem. It came about in this wise: the Indian Brother Samuel had all along experienced not a little trouble with his wife. Whether himself or she was most at fault, the records tell us not. At any rate, Brother Sehebosh felt constrained, on the afore mentioned date, to call Samuel privately into his lodge, in order to speak seriously with him concerning the disturbed condition of his

domestic relations. Now it so happened that Augustus' hut was next adjoining unto his, and in it the mighty hunter was cleaning his rifle. Suddenly, while the two were in the midst of their most earnest conversation, Augustus' gun went off, and the whole charge was sent crashing through the walls, through the side of the "Gemein-haus," and lodged in the nether extremities of poor Brother Schebosh. Nor did Samuel escape uninjured. Brother Schebosh's wounds were very painful, and excited not a little alarm; hence messengers were at once dispatched to Gnadenhütten and to Bethlehem, with the news. Before evening already they returned, accompanied by Brother Abraham Bühninger from the former place, and Brother Otto, the physician, from the latter. He, after examining the wounded limbs, and carefully attending to them, concluded to take Brother Schebosh at once with him to Bethlehem for further treatment. And thus, after scarcely a four month's sojourn, his labors at Meniolágoméka ceased.

The following winter passed seemingly without any regular pastor being stationed at the place, until February, 1753, when Brother Abraham Bühninger was appointed. Under him the mission prospered very much, and outwardly it kept on its even course undisturbed by any unusual occurrence. Brother Bühninger was an indefatigable worker, and withal most conscientious and devout. He not only continued all the regular services, but, with the sanction of the Indians, instituted an additional one daily, early in the morning, as he was accustomed to have it at the older missions. In their daily occupations he led his flock by his example of hard-working industry, as much as in spiritual things he was their pattern of devotion, childlike faith and shining purity of life.

It is touching to read, for example, how on Easter morning in April, he repaired to their little burial ground, that lay about three hundred yards west by north of the village, and there, all alone in the sublime quiet and solitude of that boundless forest, held sweet communion with the saints in heaven, recounted the names of the dear Indian brethren whose ashes lay beneath the mounds ranged around him, and commended himself with them to that Saviour who had died and risen for all As the glorious sun rose from his nightly tomb, and sent his gracious rays piercing into the valley's gloom, gilding each tree top, and flooding field and forest with a golden deluge of morning light, the solitary wor-

shiper's voice rose above the warbling and the singing of the feathered choirs round about him, lauding in tones of exultation and triumph that vanquisher of death and the grave, through whose grace we too are heirs of life, and more than conquerors in his name. He knew that his dear wife, and all his brethren and sisters in Gnadenhütten, at Bethlehem, and in a score of other precious spots, were at that moment too uniting in the same hymns, chanting the very same tunes, and rejoicing in the same glad and praiseful thoughts. He *believed* in the communion of saints. He was not alone, but they all were with him, unseen indeed, but felt, —all in heaven and on earth that believe in the Saviour's name, a glorious host of redeemed souls and spirits immortal.

It was just one month after this blessed resurrection morn that duty called him, on a more sad and painful mission, again to this hallowed acre of God. The ten-year-old son of a heathen sister of the Indian Brother Nathanael, had "gone to kiss the Saviour's wounds," the day after his baptism by Brother Martin Mack. He had been ill for more than a month, and often earnestly begged to be baptized. At last Bühninger sent to Gnadenhütten, telling Brother Mack all the circumstances; but he had hesitated to administer the sacrament, because the boy's parents still were unconverted. Finally, however, he came; and not an hour too soon. As it was, the poor child had his longings fulfilled, and fell peacefully asleep in the full assurance of awaking in the bosom of his crucified Lord. With their own hands the Indian brethren made a little coffin, cutting it in one piece out of a massive chestnut's trunk. Love gave them taste and skill, so that Brother Bühninger quaintly informs us 'twas "so beautifully proportioned that it was a pleasure to look upon it." Then wrapping the corpse in a new blanket, which had been a cherished present to him from the Brethren at Gnadenhütten, they bore him away amidst songs of trust and hope, and laid him to rest in the cool earth. That earth made sacred by the ashes of brethren and sisters of ours; hallowed by tears wrung from the hearts of grief-stricken mothers and fathers, husbands and wives and lovers; that ground where Christian mourners have knelt and wept and prayed to their God, is it not holy ground—holy and dear to-day to every brother and sister of our Church?

Brother Bühninger has left us a record of the number of inhabitants at Meniolágoméka at this time; from which we see that

there were fifty-nine in all, of whom there were seven baptized couples and two unbaptized; besides one couple of whom the one was baptized and the other not; two baptized and three unbaptized widows, and no widower; two unbaptized single women; two single brethren from Gnadenhütten; seven baptized and five ununbaptized boys; and five baptized and eleven unbaptized girls; making in all thirty-three baptized souls, and twenty-six yet straying without the fold.

In the month of November of 1753, from the 19th to the 28th, Brother Bühninger was called to temporarily discharge some duties at other places, and John Joseph Schmick with his wife consequently supplied his place. Evidently more of a student than a musician, this brother found himself in a difficulty quite serious to him, on the first evening after his arrival. He was unable to bring a sound from the great horn that announced the hour of worship. Try as he might, turn it this way or that, the thing remained mute and dumb. What to do he knew not. So putting the stubborn instrument away, he went forth to find an Indian brother who could instruct, or at least advise him. But by this time it was growing dark, and the evening too far spent to hold the service; and, rather discouraged with his first experience, the unfortunate brother laid himself to rest. Next day he complained of his trouble to Augustus, who told him that hereafter his son would undertake the duty of horn-blowing, and so overcome the difficulty. This was accordingly done, and Brother Schmick's labors were richly blessed by the Lord.

On Bühninger's return to his post, at the end of the month, he carried on the work with his usual vigor. It is touching to see how his Indians were attached to him; how they relied on and obeyed him, like unto little children. The winter months were but occasionally enlivened by visiting brethren; once by a visit from David Zeisberger, a few days after Christmas, who spent a day and night with the little congregation, keeping their morning and evening services, and giving them interesting accounts of the course of the Gospel among their red brethren otherwhere, and of his experience among them. Gladly would they have detained him longer; but he had to hasten away to rejoin his brethren at Christiansbrunn.

At the end of January, to the great joy of the Indian sisters,

Bühninger brought his wife to Meniolágoméka to share his labors with him. But it was only for a few days; for on the 12th of February came the call for him temporarily to relieve Brother Senseman at Pachgatgoch; which he did until the last day of the same month.

In this interval Brother Schmick again supplied his place; for the Indians had learned to love him and his faithful wife; and he had gained a specially healthful influence over the children, for he was a skilled teacher. On his former visit he had always insisted on their washing their hands and faces before coming to school; no doubt a very necessary thing. So no sooner did he appear at his place in the school again, than they all held up their clean brown hands, and showed their freshly washed faces. It seemed to please him very much, —as much as his words of kindly praise in return gratified and encouraged them.

Brother Bühninger returned from Pachgatgoch in time to give his much-needed encouragement and advice to the little band at Meniolágoméka, during those months of sore trial and anxiety that preceded the removal of the whole settlement, from its picturesque and lovely site on the Aquanshicola to Gnadenhütten, on the banks of the Mahony. Secretary Richard Peters, the owner of the land, if claiming what belongs to another can be called ownership, had at last given peremptory notice that they must remove to some other place. Already in 1750 he had told them of his intention, and caused them much solicitude. The Brethren had tried their utmost to buy the land then; but he would not sell it. He had afterwards, however, allowed his claim to rest for the time; and the poor Indians had now almost forgotten their fears, and again regarded all those hills and valleys as their own. When therefore this second and uncompromising demand came, they were almost distracted, and quite at a loss what to do. But the Lord was providing. Even then Gnadenhütten was being deserted by the misguided followers of King Teedyuscung and Abraham, who moved away to Wyoming. Their lodges stood empty and forsaken. And, hearing of the state of affairs at Meniolágoméka, the Brethren at Gnadenhütten at once sent a cordial invitation to Bühninger and his little flock to come thither and occupy the homes standing ready to receive them. Gratefully they accepted the offer, and without delay prepared to move their few possessions to this place

of refuge. Augustus, however, first stipulated with the white man's agent for some compensation for the many improvements his tribe had made on the land. It proved to be the now old, old story, however. The red man deceived, overreached and slandered. The white man enriched, empowered and praising himself for wisdom, and even magnanimity! Augustus did indeed receive the promise that he would be paid £5 for the fences that had been built, and now had to be left; but for the acres of cleared and cultivated ground, for the seed in the earth, and for the land itself, he received not even a promise. Whether the paltry £5 ever were paid, seems at this late day yet uncertain.

With heavy hearts and clouded brows, we see this little handful of Delaware brethren and sisters leaving their ancient and beautiful home, on the 4th and 5th of May, 1755, and wending their way along the narrow valley that led to Gnadenhütten. Who shall record the feelings that moved their breasts, as last their tear-dimmed gaze rested on the empty huts they just had left? Those giant trees, that seemed their intimate friends and companions, would soon be murdered by the white man's cruel axe. That laughing, limpid stream, free as themselves, soon must slavishly turn the wheel of the white man's mills. Naked and bare would ere long become those everlasting hills, now crowned and girdled with mighty oaks, with aromatic hemlock and pine. That gurgling spring would run dry; and the blooming flowers, and graceful, nodding ferns would ruthlessly be buried 'neath the plowman's clod. And oh, that sacred spot there on the hill, where lay the bones of dear and loved ones in the Lord, would they be spared? Or would the hallowed mounds be levelled with the ground, and be hoed and planted like the common earth, and e'en the names forgotten of those so dear to their hearts, e'en the site be remembered no more, where with tears and sorrowing souls they but lately had laid them to rest? Would we have blamed them much had desperation made them wild and savage once more as such thoughts came crowding through their brains? But no; the Comforter was there. "My grace is sufficient for thee!" whispered His strong voice to the little band. "Thy will be done, O God!" their hearts reply, as lifting their eyes from their earthly homes upward to that better one above, they turn away forever from that spot, and Meniolágoméka is no more.